

Issue 2, Spring 2010

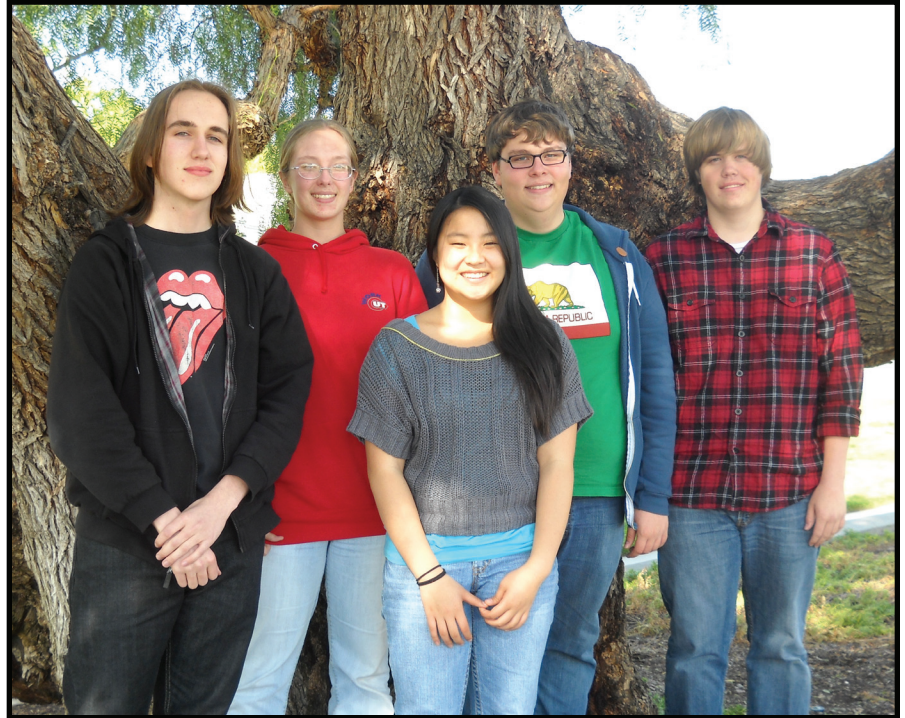
Fusion

Livermore Teen Zine



From the Editors

Thank you for reading the second issue of Fusion. We are amazed at how far we have come since undertaking this project a year ago. The publication of the first issue was a highly rewarding experience, and we are thrilled to follow it up with this next issue. Once again, narrowing down the submissions we received into what can fit into this magazine proved to be a formidable challenge, and we were again floored by the quality of work these talented artists have created. As you flip through these pages, we hope you feel a great sense of pride about the creative abilities the diverse younger members of our community possess and what might be in store for them in the future.



If you happen to be a teen yourself, we urge you to submit your work to the next issue. Submission forms and guidelines can be found at the library. Three of our editors will be leaving for college after this year, and we will be searching for new editors. If you are interested in joining our staff, please come by the library and ask for an application at the librarian's desk in the children's section.

Julie Herman

Cynthia Jing

Alex Frogner

Brian J. Belak

Matt Burris

-The Fusion Editorial Staff

Alex Frogner, Brian Belak, Cynthia Jing, Julie Herman, and Matt Burris

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Untitled

JOSEPH ROJAS



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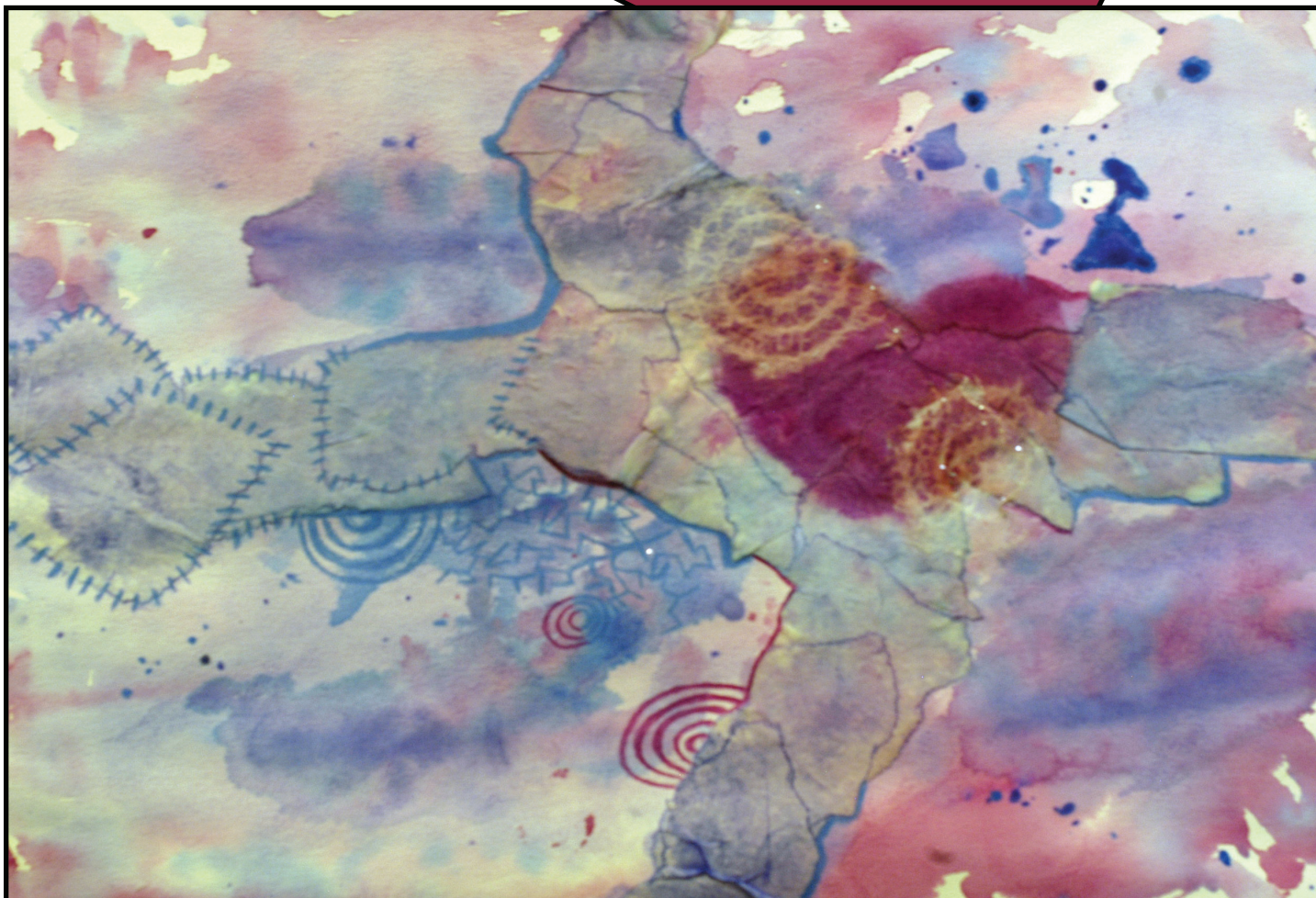
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JOSEPH ROJAS



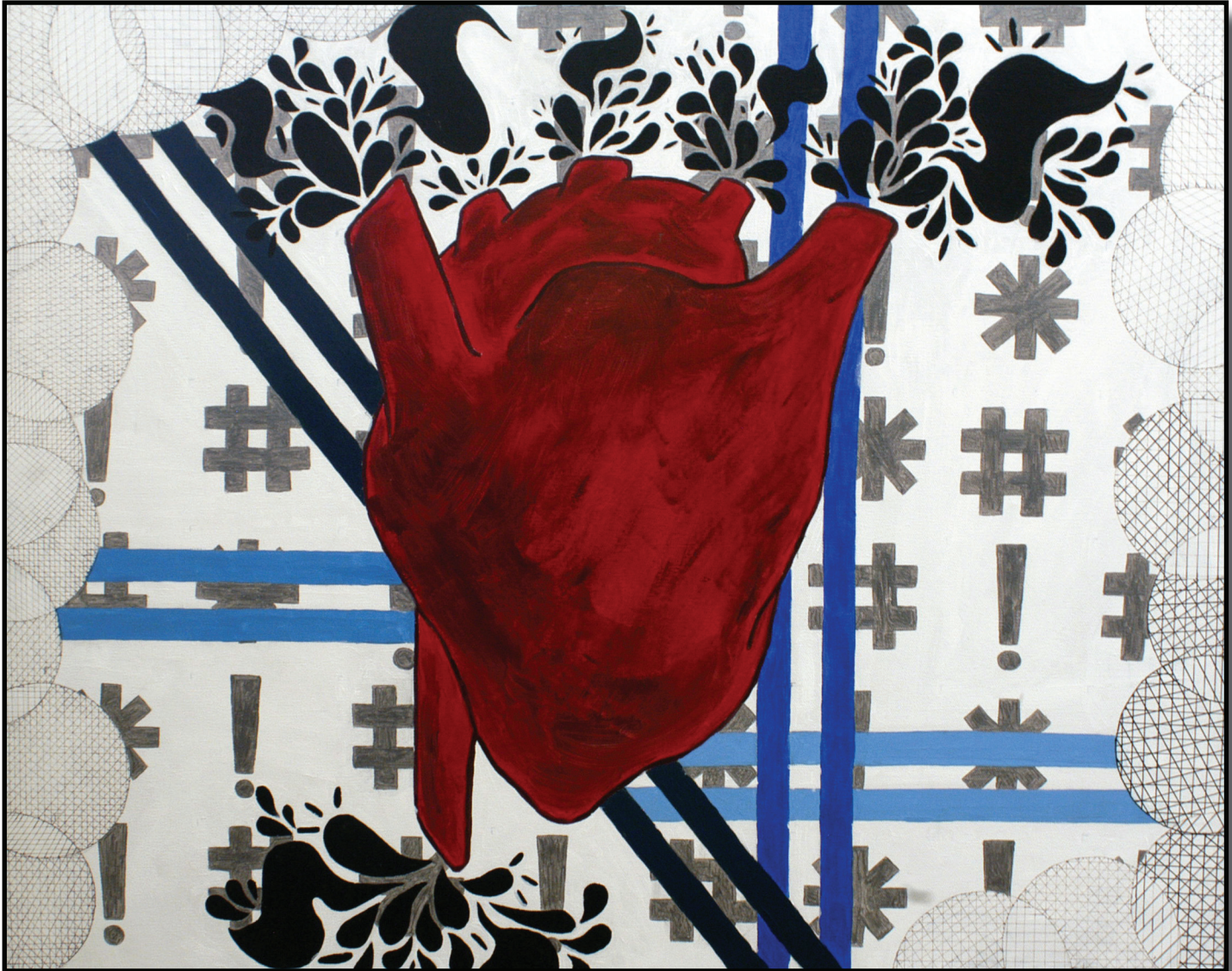
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ANDREW LEE



Heart

LEXI MARINE



Bird

EMMY YOUNG



Touch

HILLARY ERBERT

Bumblebee Blitz

NICOLE McCaffrey

Spring rolls in
like a honeysuckle haze,
turning the once-
bleak beat into
a pedal-pusher's
paradise as the
winter clouds melt
into rain.



Day of Evil

RJ SORIANO



Infinity

SOPHIE LIBKIND

Like shards of helium
we break the frozen sun.
4.02 grams per mole
brush the policeman
torn cotton balls and
peanut butter sandwiches.

The sun was a broken mosaic
purple through the cracks.
Pull an orchid for me and
I will wear it in my hair
with the daisy chain
of Sundays in Ireland.

Frosted flakes on that lake
of fallen sun.
We caught the light in
the water nets of nymphs and
stole away into the clouds.

The boatman offered
hairspray and sidewalk chalk.
We bade them bring their children
and led them into the fog
where glistened the shadows
of the fading sun.

Together we smoothed the edges.
Like a puzzle, yellow rose
out of the earth and into the blue.
We tumbled after that beautiful star
and walked its planes until
we fell off its infinite edge.

Catching Lightning in a Jar

AMELIA AARESTAD

Inspiration lightning bright
Can come at dawn or noon or night.

For bait you need an open mind,
A sticky trap not far behind,

A pencil, pen, a writing pad,
A brush, your fingers, or what can be had,

Carry them with you wherever you go—
When lightning strikes it isn't slow.

Catch it quick with what you've got—
Get that idea while it's hot!

Finish up, put on the lid,
The sparkling brightness can't be hid,

Lightning in a jar.

Orchidstration

ALISON MORGAN



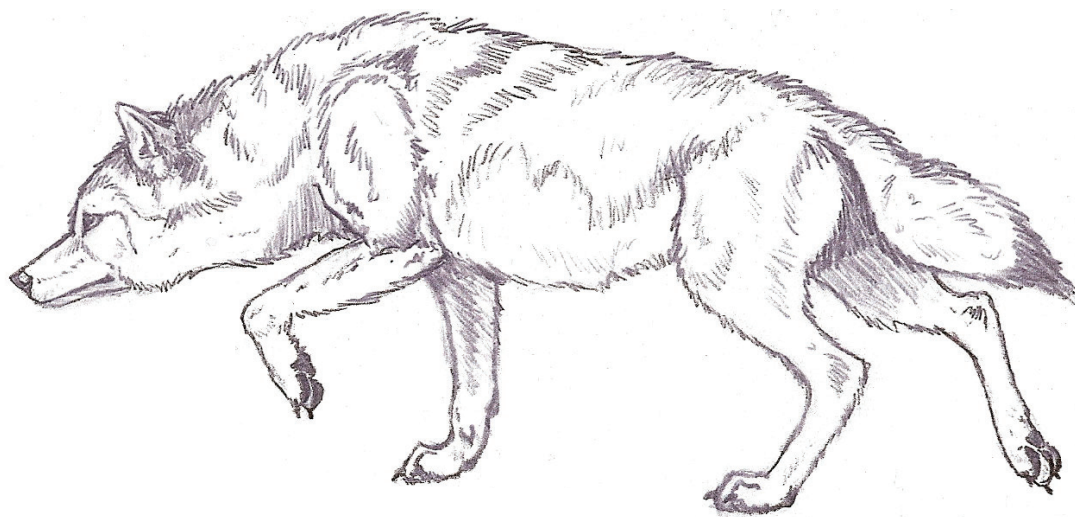
Clouds

LOURDES ZAMORA



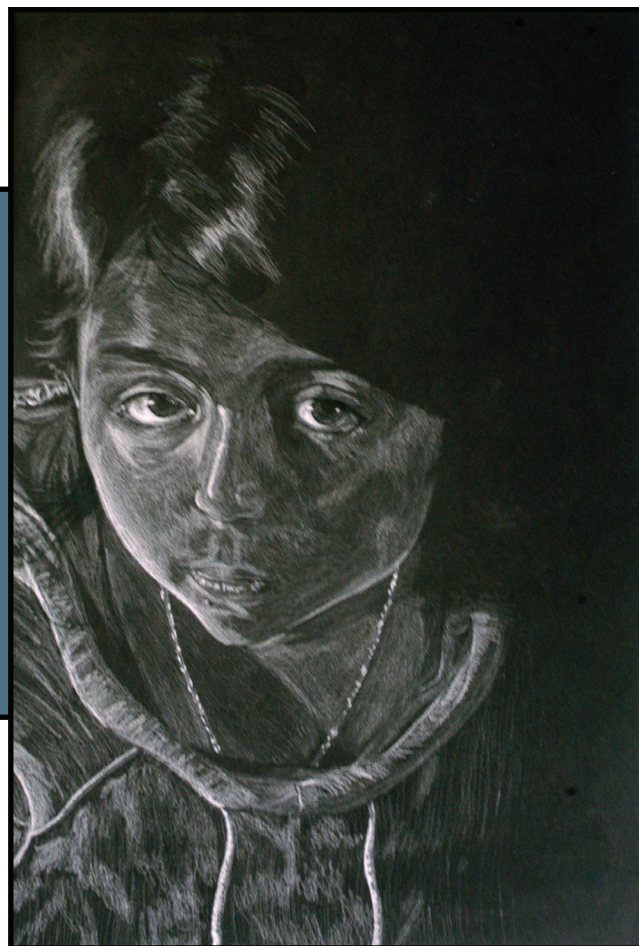
Gray Wolf

SARAH VANCSTEN



Fading

LOURDES ZAMORA



Lonely Heights

JASON BUTKIEWICZ



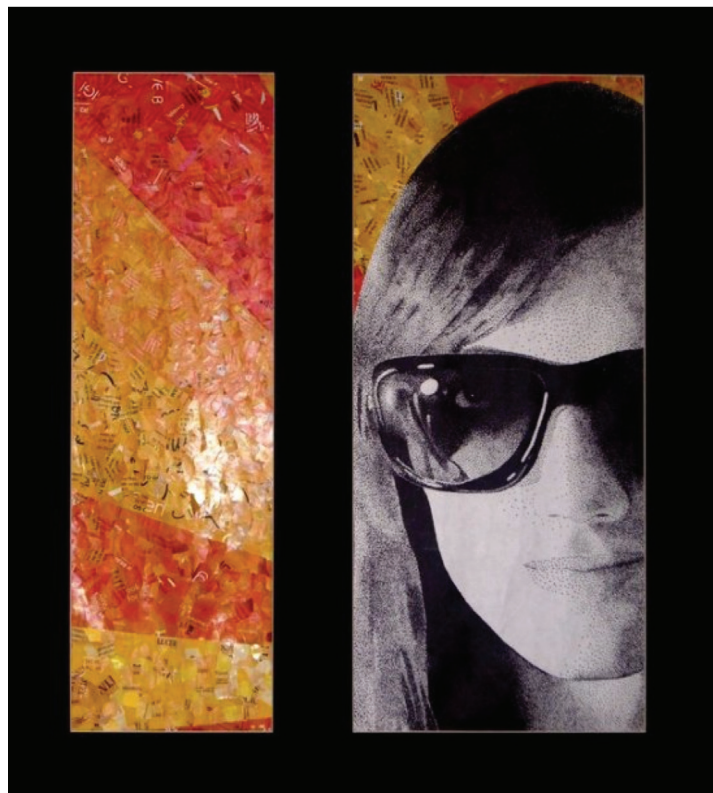
The Pen

HILLARY ERBERT

My pen means no harm
as cheese sprouts from the tip like a broken faucet
infesting the innocent like a plague.
I most sincerely apologize
for any irritation she may have caused you,
for she was acting on selfish impulse
and ravaging hunger.

Self Portrait

HILLARY ERBERT



Campbell's Portrait

APRIL CAMACHO



Untitled

SOPHIE LIBKIND

ERASE THE LETTERS

windy clocks in

drunken lines

happy inside

Looking for

Juice

orange juice

GROWING ON TREES

LIVING KAPOW

life to self:

...!

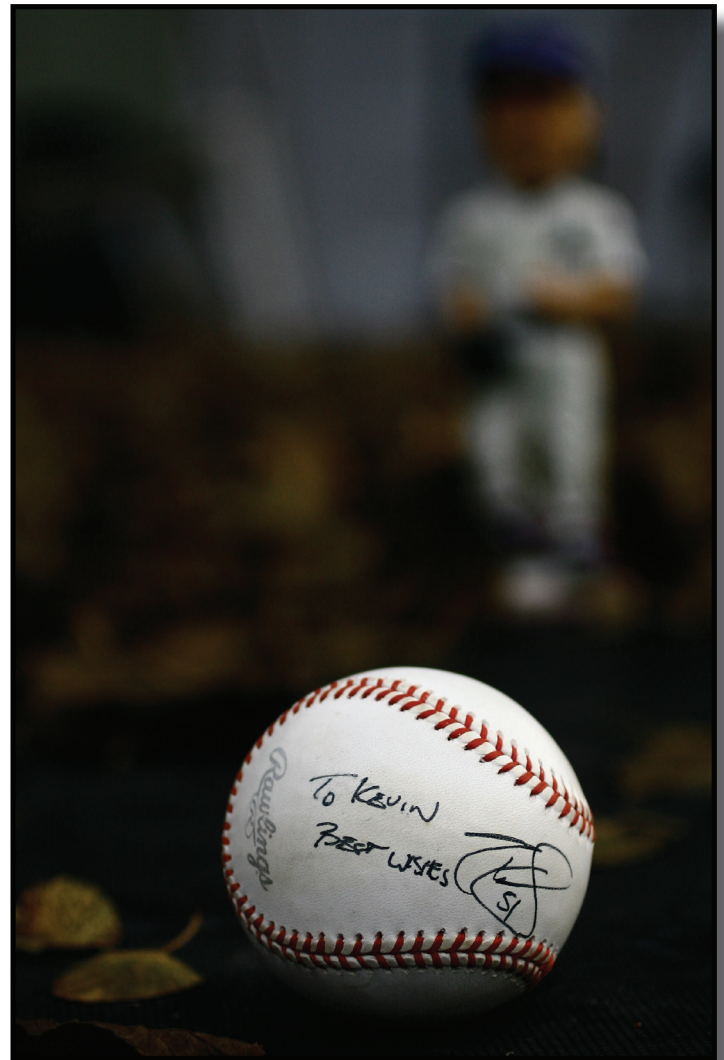
Rainy Day

HALEY MARTIN



Randy

KEVIN THRAILKILL



Interpretation of Dalí's *Galatée de las esferas*

ALI ALBIANI



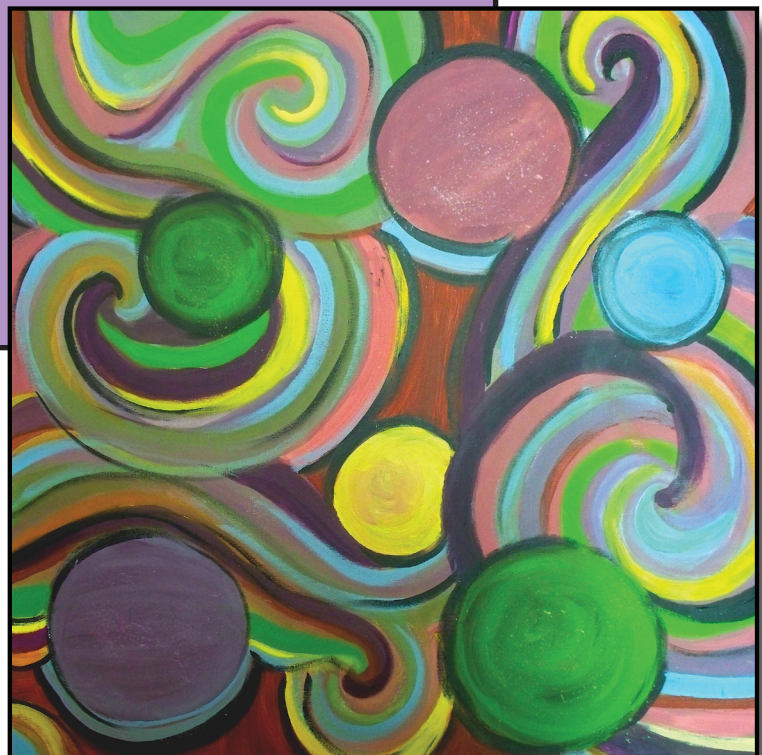
The Lemon

JARED DEC

A single moment
And you wake up
The stinging, tropical
Still echoes in your nose and mouth
But it's okay
The ocean is waiting
All it takes is another bite

Swirls

YASMEEN HAIDER



Fishies

HILLARY ERBERT



Potential Energy

MARY KATE DEC

The tears were there before they became

the tears that ran down your face

You glistened and shimmered with delicate delight

Why did you stop your dancing that night?

And will you come home?

(come home to me)

and will you come home?

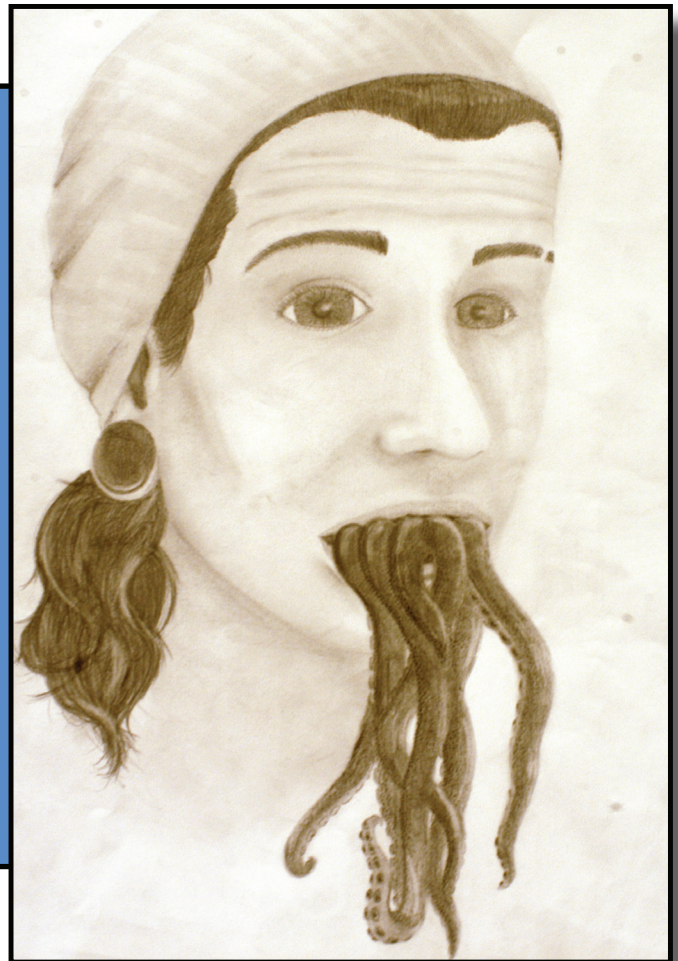
Locked in Hearing

ALAINA BRAATZ



Octopus Mouth

EVAN BETTRIDGE



Forces

NICOLE McCaffrey

I let letters get
the best of me
again.

The susurrus of turning
pages fills my head
with melodic oscillations
as I fall head-first into a
linguistic black hole.

Pheasant

KRISTA KLINEFELTER



Untitled

SARAH VANCSTEN



Teddy

TAYLOR TATUM



Red Flag

NICOLE McCaffrey

They're a new kind of crazy.
All sharp angles and restless
hands. Hazel-green eyes
try to hypnotize but they
button me up like a
button-down coat.
Dragon training's
just not my thing.

Survive Kaleidoscope

VICTORIA DAMESTOY



Solidity

KAMRAN ABRI

'Tis a truly beautiful day outside.

A rose or two are in bloom.

They're not especially glistening with dew,
or even glowing with the symbolic power that is
love.

In fact, they are wilted, theatrically melting in the heat of the day.

There's a blue jay hopping around.

He's hoping to get at our cherries. Ruby droplets hanging among a tall stand of
brilliant emeralds, all connected to that powerful, ugly thing with no romantic metaphor:
the bark, the flesh of the flora, standing sturdy like a great Freudian blot of steel.

The jay is intimidated, and flies away.

The tree stands waving in the wind--a weak wind, though strong enough to create a
scintillating-sensual-sexy shimmer in the tree's leaves.

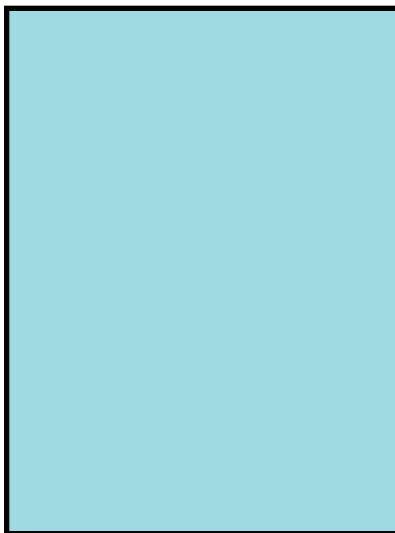
The grass is dying. Not a gold, wheat-like death, but a dry, firm, weedy dying. It's
comforting.

Ah, what a beautiful day. To stand in a garden and seek not beauty, not splendor, but
merely that which is solid and true--

Ah, what a beautiful endeavor.

Mannequins

NORA HEALY



Bold and Swift (APPLAUSE)

SOPHIE LIBKIND

I.
Forty-four tides rising lazily
and Earth happened last week.
Suppose that silence tastes honey
Long words, better life, ambitions:
they spoil the challenge,
whatever-it-was.

(APPLAUSE)

The cherry pie found
an island,
danced for some minutes,
and was thoughtfully clever.
Petty dogmas drink tea
underneath Normandy
keeping with backstage unity
But what about lunch?

(APPLAUSE)

help and comfort
Starting today.
they promised plastics fans
and to try happiness
Amidst worldly possessions
Foolish and Deluded, obscure.
A chair
fought and died, endured
in a letter-box.
love was wondering carelessly
of greed and irresponsibility,
shortcuts at a glamorous price.

II.
Too Late Now is asking about the narrow interests of a superstar.
The pleasures of riches let go nervously.
There were sensible things at a party in the morning.
To reaffirm, to choose, to suppose is all we can do.
We understood humbled trust and saw a new age.
We bind science in a crowd flash.
The sun is a shadow of eyeliner.
A vision has forgotten its nose.
An accident nodded to a young today.
It kindly whispered of a profound decline.
Whatever-it-is wades downwards.

No Fishing

LOURDES ZAMORA



Idea

HILLARY ERBERT



Drenched in Sodium-Hydroxide

KAMRAN ABRI

Commence an emotional torture, and dissolve my stoicism.
My pH is merely basic,
and easily escapes my own grasp.

Dying to be Beautiful

ALANAN WAPLES



Reflection

KRISTA KLINEFELTER



Hammer-Off

KAMRAN ABRI

Darlin',

Take wind upon a sojourn of silence to the Land Of Noise And Gravity.

Walk down a stairway traveling direct-like down the projection of v onto u , and
show the true colors of a veteran of black and white.

May you grow, grow, grow, and rise, rise, rise,

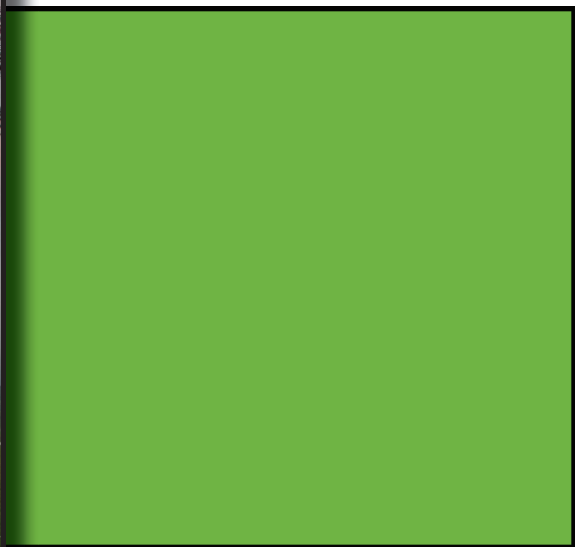
on a freezing pillar of air meant to hold up the Grecian palaces of old,

Rubble, Darlin'.

Strewn on the
ground as the
myriad hopes of
tomorrow.

Serenity

ALANAN WAPLES



Bessie

JILL DAYTON

All Bessie ever wanted was to be loved.

Separated from her mother as a calf and thrown in a zoo at a young age, Bessie had lived a lonely life. She was a single, fifteen-year-old water buffalo, and she resented that.

Bessie stared out of the wire fencing of her cage and let out a sigh. Every day was so lonely it was almost unbearable.

She watched listlessly as the thousands of gawking tourists drifted by her home. Camera flashes blinded her, but it wasn't enough to wake her from her reverie.

Bessie dreamed of finding *the one*. The one who would see past her muddy exterior and see the beautiful animal she was. The one who would end her loneliness.

One day, Bessie's dream came true.

While she was staring mournfully through the cage, a teenage boy came and did the same. His hand was attached to a beautiful teenage girl. She was busy chattering into a little box she held near her ear. Her noise reminded Bessie of the obnoxious monkeys across the way.

Bessie's lonely heart fluttered. The way that boy looked at her! It wasn't the same blank stare she received from those ridiculous sightseers. This was a look of fascination and—could it be?—love.

The boy turned to his female for a moment, but she still prattled away to an unseen person. He returned to Bessie and sighed. "Girls, huh?" he asked her. He looked down at her nameplate. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't realize I was talking to a lady."

Bessie felt as if she was going to faint. A lady! She could feel her large ears turning red. She turned to the side, embarrassed.

"Aw, please don't go," the boy begged her. "It's so boring with her always on the phone. Besides, I've never been this close to a water buffalo."

Bessie found herself tongue-tied. No one had ever wanted to be close to her! She had no idea what to do. Should she come closer, or should she play hard to get? Should she be playful or cool and collected?

The boy made the next move. Moving closer to the fence, he put his hand through the wire holes. "It's okay," he said softly.

Bessie held her breath and moved her wet nose closer to his hand. She prayed she wouldn't sneeze. The boy stretched his hand out and stroked the bridge of her nose. A small smile played on his face. Bessie thought she would die from happiness.

The female spun around and saw the boy stroking Bessie. "MY BOYFRIEND IS BEING EATEN BY A MOOSE!" she screamed, her little box clattering to the ground. In one swift movement, she yanked his arm out and pulled him away.

As he was pulled away, he gave one last glance toward Bessie. She saw him wink and smile before his head snapped back to the female.

A goofy smile slipping onto her face, Bessie tottered over to her shady corner. She hoped he would come back for a second date.

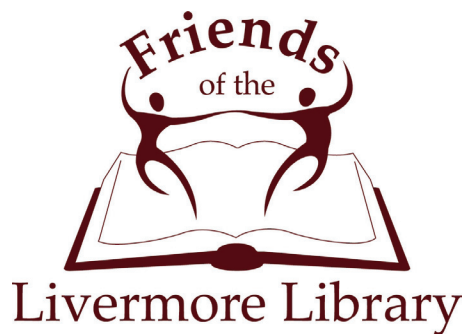
Castle and the Moon

TARIKA KRISHNAMURTHY





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